

**The true manner of the Kings Tryal at Westminster-Hall,
January 1649, to the seven and twentieth of the same Month. Also
the Banqueting House the 30 of January, with his Speech made upon the Sc**



King Charles was once a Prince of a great state,
But yet he dyed a Death unfortunate,
Oh, he is gone, and now hath left us here,
And God doth know what courses we shall steer.

Now my sad story to you I relate,
At Westminster was call'd a Court of State,
Where Serjeant Bradshaw was Lord President,
The Court being full, then for the King they sent.
There to the Bar a Guard did him convey,
In Januaries month the twentieth day,
Whereas Solicitor Cook did read at large
The order and the manner of his Charge.

The Kings Charge.

Charles Stuart once admitted Englands King,
Which did such woes upon the Nation bring,
In setting up thy Standard in the field,
Which was the cause that so much blood was spill'd
Whereas thou didst raise Arms within the Land,
Also against the Parliament old stand,
The peoples Rights and Liberties inbrall,
All these and more, thou didst Tyrannical.
Wherefore you guilty are of these sad times,
As Treason, Murder, and of such like crimes,
For which at Bar a Prisoner you are,
And in this Court you shall have Tryal fair.
Here is your Jury, for it must be so,
You've heard your Charge, plead guilty, or no.

**What is it thus (then answered the King)
Was it for this you did me hither bring?**

The Kings Answer to the Charge.

As for your Charge a Rush I do not care,
I do desire those things are right and square,
It was for my peoples freedom I did stand
The Liberty and Laws of all the Land.

I do desire to me you would unfold
By whose Commission you this Court do hold,
To whom the President did straight reply,
Sir, you shall know by whose Authority.

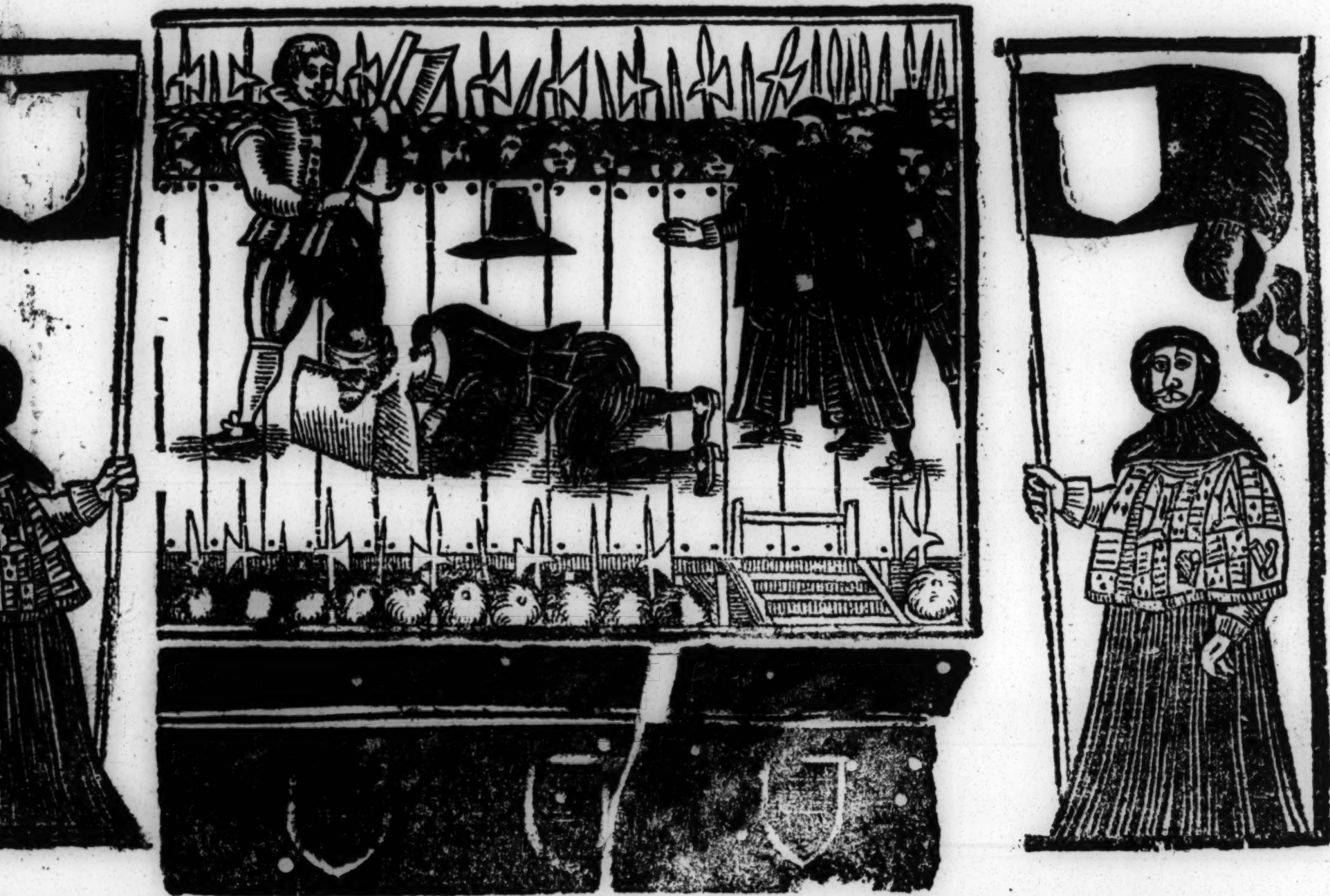
This Courts prerogative whereon we stand,
Ordained is by the Commons of the Land
It is not for Prisoners to dispute the same
Answer to that for which you hither came.

Then their Authority he quite deny'd,
And said by them he meant not to be try'd,
At which the Court their Verdict then did pass,
(Not answering that he then guilty was)

Then by the Clerk his Sentence there was read
Saying, Charles Stuart, thou shalt lose thy head,
For Murder, Treason, and for Tyranny,
And to the Land a publick enemy.

Being condemned, one thing he did crave
That Doctor Iuxsons presence he might have,
To preach and the Communion him to give,
And see his two sweet Babes whilst he did live.

all, by the high Court of Justice, from the twentieth day of
 Also the true manner of his being put to Death at White-hall, near
 the Scaffold before hee was beheaded. To the Tune of, Aim not too High.



The which was granted, all performed and done,
 And he did see his Daughter and his Son,
 (It would have burst a stony heart to see
 The weeping joy that was between them three)
 He blest them both, and for them he did pray,
 Mourning at parting, then they go their way,
 Father from Children, 'twas a grief full soze
 Each other in this world to see no moze.

Tuesday the thirtieth of January last,
 He from Saint James unto White-hall past
 Having a Guard of flying colours spread
 And rattling Drums as to a battle lead,
 With cheerful countenance and courage bold
 He said, march faster, for the day is cold.
 Then to the Scaffold was he straight conveyed.
 The which with mourning cloath was overlaid.

The Kings Speech upon the scaffold.

Mounting the same (quoth he) I le little say,
 For in this world I have not long to stay
 It is my duty first with God to clear
 My conscience free, next to my Country dear.
 Unto the Parliament I nere thought ill,
 Their Priviledges never sought to spill,
 All Instruments on both sides bred the strife
 Who were the cause so many lost their life.
 The greatest enemies that sought my death,
 I do forgive, before I lose my breath

I with the Kingdoms peace, and Churches bliss,
 For now religion out of order is.

A lawful Succession I do hope shall be
 (Granted by Parliament) now after me,
 And for my conscience and religion
 I dye a Protestant and a Christian.

To Doctor Iuxson then his George he gave,
 Willing y^e. Charles his Son the same might have
 His walking staff unto himself did give
 (And for his sake) to keep whilst he did live.

Likewise he gave the Duke of Richmond then
 One Watch, another to a Gentleman,
 With eyes lift up to heaven he made a Prayer
 And then for Death did instantly prepare.

(Saying, my earthly Crown I here must leave
 Hoping a heavenly Crown I shall receive)
 Then on the Block his neck he there did lay
 And to the Heads-man then these words did say;
 When as my hands and arms I open stretch,
 Strike home, be sure that thou a right blow fetch
 I come, I come, Lord Jesus thou art cry'd,
 One blow bis head and body will divide.

Thus like a Lamb his Death he there did take
 And presently this world he did forsake,
 Whose soul I trust is with the Lord on high
 And thus I end this mournful Tragedy.

FINIS.

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